

**T**his booke called the Temple of glasse,  
is in many places amended, and late  
diligently imprynted.



4<sup>o</sup> C. 39 Art. 50 (22)  
Shelton of 45 (22)

390.





**A**'thorough costreynt and greuous heuynesse  
For great thought & highe pensyuenesse  
To bedde I went nowe this other night  
Whan that Lucina with her pale lyght  
Was ioynd last with Phebus in Aquary  
Amydde Decembze/ whan of January  
There be kalendes of the newe yere  
And derke Dyana/ horned and nothyng clere  
Hydde her beames vnder a mylky cloude  
Within my bedde for colde I gan me shroude  
All desolate for constraynt of my wo  
The long night walowynge to and fro  
Tyll at last o I gan take kepe  
We dyde oppzeile a sodayne deedly slepe  
Within the whiche me thought that I was  
Baupsshed in spyrite in to a temple of glas  
I ne wylt howe ferre in wyldernesse  
That founded was all by lykelynesse  
Nat vpon stele/ but on a craggy roche  
Lyke yse ifrosen/ and as I dyde approche  
Agayne the sonne that shone so clere  
As any chystall/ and euer nere and nere  
As I came nyghe this grisely dreedefull place  
I wext astonyed/ the lyght so in my face  
Began to smyte so passyng euer in one  
On euery parte where that I dyde gone  
That I ne might nothyng as I wolde  
About me consydre and beholde  
The wonders esters for brightnesse of the sonne  
Tyll at last certayne skyes donne  
With wynde chased and their course ywent  
Tem. gl. A. ij.

Before the streemes of Titan and iblent  
So that I myght within and without  
Where so I wolde beholde me about  
For to report the facyon and manere  
Of all this place/that was circuler  
In cumpace wyle rounde by intayle wrought  
And whan I had longe and well sought  
I founde a wycket/and entred in as faste  
Into the temple/and myn eyen caste  
On euery syde/ nowe lowe/ and nowe este alofte  
And right anone/ as I gan walke softe  
If I the sothe aright report shall  
I sawe depeynted vpon a wall  
From Est to west many a fayre ymage  
Of sondry louers/lyke as they were of age  
I set in ordre after they were trewe  
With lyfely colours wonders freshe of hewe  
And as me thought I saw som syt and som stāde  
And some knelyng/with bylles in theyr hande  
And some with complaynt woful and pitious  
With dolefull chere/to put to Venus  
So as she late fletynge in the see  
Upon theyr wo for to haue pite  
And fyrst of all I sawe there of Cartage  
Dido the quene so goodly of visage  
That gan complayne her auenture and caas  
Howe she disceyued was of Aeneas  
For all his hestes and his othes sworne  
And sayd helas that euer she was borne  
Whan she sawe/that deed she must be  
And next her I sawe the complaynt of Medee



Howe that she falsed was of Jason.  
And nygh by Venus sawe I syr Attheon  
And all the maner howe the boze hym sloughe  
For whom she wepte and had pite inoughe  
There sawe I also howe that Penelope  
For she so long ne myght her lorde se  
Was of colour both pale and grene.

And alther next was the freshe quene  
I mean Alcest the noble true wyfe  
And for Admete howe she lost her lyfe  
And for her trouthe if I shall nat lye  
Howe she was turned into a Dayse

There was Grisildis innocence  
And all her mekenesse and pacience

There was eke I soude and many other mo  
And all the tourment and the cruell wo  
That she had for Tristram all her lyue  
And howe Tylbe her hert dyd ryue  
With thylke swerde of syr Pyramus

And all the maner howe that Theseus  
The Minotaure slewe amynd the hous  
That was forwrynked by crafte of Dedalus  
Whan he was in prysoun shyrt in Crete

And howe that Phillis felt of loue the hete  
The great fyre for Demophoon helas  
And for his falsed and for his trespas  
Upon the walles depeynt men myght se  
Howe she henge vpon a sylberde tre.

And many a story mo than I reken can  
Were in the temple. And howe that Paris wan  
The fayre Helene the lusty freshe quene

Tem. gl.

a. iij.

And howe Achilles was for Polycene  
I layne vnwardly within Trope towne  
All this sawe I walkyng vp and downe  
There sawe I written eke the hole tale  
Howe Phylomene in to a nightyngale  
Itourned was / and Proigne in to a Swalowe  
And howe the Sabyns in their maner halowe  
The feest of Lucrece / yet in Rome towne  
There sawe I also the sorowe of Palamone  
That he in prisone felte and all the smert  
And howe that he throughe vnto his hert  
Was hurt inwardly by castyng of an eye  
On the fayre freshe / and lusty yong Emelye  
And all the stryfe bytwene hym and his brother  
And howe that one fought with that other  
Within the groue tyll they by Theseus  
Accorded were as Chaucer telleth vs  
And furthermore as I gan beholde  
I sawe howe Phebus with an arowe of golde  
I wounded was throughout his syde  
Onely by enuy of the god Cupyde  
And howe that Diane vnto a laurer tre  
Itourned was whan that she dyde fle  
And howe that Ioue began to chaunge his cope  
Onely for loue of the fayre Europe  
And in to a bull / whan he dyde her sue  
Lyst of his godheed his forme to transmue  
And howe that he by transmutacyon  
The shappe gan take of Amphitrion  
For Alcmena so passyng was of beaute  
So was he hurt for all his deite



With loues darte and myght it nat escape  
There sawe I also howe Mars was take  
Of Vulcanus and with Venus founde  
And with the chappes inuisible bounde  
There was also all the poesye  
Of hym Mercury / and all the Philogye  
And how that she / for her sapience  
I wedded was to the god of eloquence  
And howe the muses lowly dyd obeye  
Hye into heuen this lady to conueye  
And with theyr songe howe she was magnified  
With Jupiter there to be stellified  
And byppermore depeynt men myght se  
Howe with her ryng the goodly Canace  
Of euery foule the laydons and the songe  
Coude vnderstande / as she walked them among  
And howe her brother so ofte holpen was  
In his myschief / by the stede of bras  
And farthermore in the temple were  
Full many a thousande louers here an there  
In sondry wyse redy to complayne  
Vnto the goddesse of theyr wo and payne  
Howe they were hyndred / some for enuye  
And howe the serpent of false iolousye  
Full many a louer hath put abacke  
And causlesse on them hath layd a lacke  
And some there were / that playned on absence  
That were exiled / and put out of ptesence  
Through wycked tonges / and false suspicion  
Without mercy or any remysion  
And other also theyr seruice spent in vayne

And of they? lady were nat loued agayne  
And also other / that for pouerte  
Durst in no wyse they? great aduersite  
Discouer ne open / lest they were refused  
And some for wantynge also were accused  
And also other / that loued secretely  
And of they? lady durst aske ne mercy  
Lest that she wolde of hym haue dyspyte  
And some also / that put ryght great wyte  
On double louers / that loue thyngeis newe  
Throughe whose falsenesse hyndred be the true  
And some there were / as it is oft founde  
That for they? lady many a bloody wounde  
Endured haue / in many a region  
Whyle that an other hath had possession  
All of his lady / and beareth awaye the frute  
Of his labour and of all his sute  
An other complayneth of rychesse  
Howe he with treasure doth his busynesse  
To wyne / agaynst all kynde and right  
Where as true louers haue no force no myght  
And some there were / as maydens yong of age  
That playne so with wepyng and with rage  
That were coupled agayne all nature  
With croked olde / that may nat long endure  
For to perfurme the lust of loues playe  
For it is nat syttyng vnto freshe Maye  
For to be coupled to olde January  
They be so dyuerse / that they must barp  
For olde is grutchyng / and malincolious  
Alwaye irefull / and eke suspicious



And youthe entendeth to ioye and lustynesse  
To myrthe and playe/ and to all gladnesse  
Alas that euer it shulde befall  
So swete sugre/ icoupled with the gall  
These yong folke cryed ofte sythe  
And prayed Venus/ her power for to kythe  
Upon this myschefe/ and shap remedye  
And right anone I herde other crye  
With sobbyng teares and pyteous sowne  
Before the goddesse by lamentacion  
That were constrayned in their youthe  
And in chyldehode/ as it is ofte couthe  
I entred were/ in to relygion  
Or they had yeres of discrecyon  
That all their lyfe/ can nat but complayne  
In wyde copes perfection for to fayne  
Full couertly/ for to couer their smert  
And shewe the contrary of their hert  
There sawe I many a fayre mayde  
That on their frendes/ all the wyte layde  
And other mo I sawe there in great rage  
That were maryed in their tendre age  
Without fredome of free election  
Where loue hath seldome dominacyon  
For loue at large and at lyberte  
Wolde frely chose/ and nat with suche treate  
And other sawe I full ofte wepe and wryng  
That they in men founde suche varyeng  
To loue a season/ whyle that beautie floureth  
And after by dysdayne so vngoodly loueth  
On her/ that somtyme he called his lady dere  
Tem. of gla. b

That was to hym so pleasaunt and entere  
But lust with fayrnesse is so ouergone  
That in their hert trouthe abydeh none  
And some also I sawe in teares rayne  
And pytuously on god and kynde complayne  
That euer he wolde on any creature  
So moche beautie passyng by measure  
Sette on a woman / to gyue occasyon  
A man to loue to his confusyon  
And namely there / where he shall haue no grace  
For with a loke / forthe by as he dothe pace  
Full ofte falleth throughe castyng of an eye  
A man is wounded / that he must nedes dye  
Yet neuer parauenture after he shall her se  
Why wyll god do so great cruelte  
To any man / or els to his creature  
To make hym so moche wo endure  
For her percase / whom he shall in no wyse  
Reioyse at any tyme / but so forthe in inuysse  
Lede his lyfe / tyll he be layde in graue  
For he ne durst of her no mercy craue  
And also parauieture though he durste and wolde  
He can nat wytte / where he her fynde sholde  
I sawe there also / and therof had I routh  
That some were hyndred by couetise and slouth  
And some also for their hastynesse  
And other also for their rechelesnesse  
But at the last / as I walked and behelde  
Besyde Pallas with her chrystall shelde  
Before the stature of Venus sette on hyght  
There kneeled a lady in my syght



Before the goddesse / whiche as the sonne  
Passeth the sterres in brightnesse echone  
And as Lucifer to boyde the nightes sorowe  
In clerenesse passeth early the morowe  
And as Maye hath the soueraynte  
Of euery moneth in fayrenesse and beaute  
And as the rose in swetnesse and odour  
Surmounteth floures / & as baume of all licour  
Hath the prync / and as the Ruby bright  
Of all stones in beaute and in sight  
(As it is knowen) hath the regaly  
Right so this lady with her goodly eye  
And with the stremes of her loke so bright  
Surmounteth all through beaute in my sight  
That for to tell her great semelynesse  
Her womanheed / her port / and her fayrenesse  
It was a marueyle / howe euer that nature  
Coude in her warkes make a creature  
So angelyke / so goodly one to se  
So femynine or passyng of beaute  
Whose sonnishe heer / brighter than golde wyre  
Lyke Phebus beames / shynning in his spyre  
The goodlyheed also of her fayre face  
So replenished of beaute and of grace  
So well endewd by nature / and depaynt  
As rose and lyles toguyder were imaynt  
So egally by good propozcion  
That as me thought by myne inspection  
I gan marueyle / howe god or werke of kynde  
Might of beaute suche a treasure fynde  
To gyue her so passyng excellence

Tem. of gla.

b.ij.

For in goodfaythe / through her hye presence  
The temple was enlumyned enuyron  
And for to speke of her condycion  
She was the best / that might be on lyue  
For there was none / that with her might stryue  
To speke of beautie / or of gentylnesse  
Of womanheed / or of lowdynesse  
Of courtely / or of goodlyheed  
Of speche / of chere / or of semelyheed  
Of porte benigne / or of dalpaunce  
The best taught therto of pleasaunce  
She was the well eke of honeste  
An exampler and myrrour also was she  
Of secretnesse / of trouthe / of fapthfulnesse  
And to all other / lady and maystresse  
To shewe vertue / who so lyst to lere  
And so this lady / right humble of her chere  
Kneling I sawe / cladde in grene and whyte  
Before Venus / goddesse of all delyte  
Embroudred all with stones and perre  
So richely / that lope it was to se  
With sondre rolles on her garment  
For to powne / the trouthe of her entent  
To shewe fully / that for her humblenesse  
And for her vertue / and her stedfastnesse  
That she was rote of all womanly pleasaunce  
Therefore her worde / without varyaunce  
Embroudred was / as men might se  
Demiculx en mieulx / with stones and perre  
This is to saye / that she was so benigne  
From better to better / her hert dothe resigne



And all her wyll to Venus the goddesse  
She stode at poynt redy to expresse  
And her humbly of mercy for to pray  
For her dole remedy to puruaye  
Gladly she wolde the goddesse shulde attende  
Her sorowes all and harmes to amende  
And euermore me thought by her chere  
To complayne she had right great desyre  
For in her hande she helde a lytell bylle  
Wherin was writte the some of all her skylle  
And all that she wolde to the goddesse shewe  
The effecte of whiche foloweth in wordes fewe

**T**he copy of the supplication.

**O** Lady Venus mother of Cupide  
That all this worlde hast in gouernaunce  
And the hertes that hauten hye by pryde  
Enclynest mekely to thyn obeysaunce  
Causur of ioy / releace of penaunce  
And with thy streames canst euery thyng discern  
Through heuently loue of fyre that is eterne

O bleffull sterre persant and full of lyght  
Of beames gladson / deuoyder of darkenesse  
Chief recomfort after the blacke nyght  
To voyde wofull hertes out of theyr heuynesse  
Take now good hede lady and goddesse  
So that my byll may your grace attayne  
Redresse to fynde of that I me complayne

Tem. gla.

b. iij.

For I am bounde to thyng that I nolde  
frely to chose there lacke I liberte  
And so I wante of that myn herte wolde  
The body is knyt though my thought be free  
So that I must of necessitye  
My hertes lyst outwarde contrary  
Though we be one the dede must vary

My worshyp saue / I fayle election  
Agaynst all right both of god and kynde  
There to be knyt vnder subiection  
From whence both are farre out of mynde  
My thought goth forth / my body is behynde  
For I am here / and yonder my remembraunce  
Betwene two so hange I in ballaunce

Deuoyde of ioye / of wo I haue plente  
What I desyre / that may I nat possede  
For that I nolde is redy ay to me  
And that I loue / for to sue I drede  
To my desyre contrary is my mede  
And thus I stande departed in tweyne  
Of wyll and dede ilaced in a cheyne

For though I out brenne with fcruent heate  
Within my hert I may complayne of colde  
And by excelle though I swelte and sweate  
Me to complayne I am nat god wote bolde  
Unto no wyght / nor one worde vnfolde  
Of all my payne / helas the harde stounde  
The hotter that I burne the colder is my wounde



For he that hath my hert faithfull  
And holle my loue in all honeste  
Without chaunge: all be it secretly  
All way it must ikept and couered be  
Wherfore lady Venus enclyne I pray the  
Unto the effect and complaynt of my byll  
Syth lyfe and deth I put all in thy wyll

And than me thought the goddes dyd enclyne  
Mekely her heed/and softly gan expresse  
That in short tyme her tourment shulde fyne  
And howe of hym/for whom all her distresse  
She had endured. And of her heuynesse  
She shulde haue ioye. And of her purgatory  
Be holpen soone/and so lyue forth in glory

And sayd daughter: For the sad trouth  
The faithfull meanyng and innocence  
That planted be/without any slouth  
In your persone/ deuoyde of all offence  
So haue atteyned to our audience  
That with our grace ye shalbe well releued  
I you behote/ of all that hath you greued

And for that ye be euer of one entent  
Without chaunge or mutabilite  
And in your paynes be so patient  
To take lowly your aduersite  
And that so longe through the cruelte  
Of olde Saturne my father vnfortunied  
Ye shall of me be well rewarded

And thynke therfore within a lytell whyle  
It shall alwaie and ouerpasse soone  
For men by lesse passe many a myle  
And ofte after a dreppng mone  
The weder clereth : and whan the storme is done  
The sonne shyneth in his sphere bryght  
And ioye waketh / whan wo is put to flyght

Remembze / howe neuer yet no wyght  
He came to woꝝshyp without debate  
And folkes also reioyce more of lyght  
That with darkenesse were wrapped and wate  
No mannes chaunce is alway fortunate  
He no wyght pꝛeyseth of sugre the swetnesse  
But they befoze haue tasted bytternesse

Grisilde was assayed at the full  
That tourned after to encrease of her ioye  
Penelope became eke for sorowes dull  
For that her lord abode so long at Troye  
Also the tourment there coude no man accoye  
Of Dorigene / floure of all Britayne  
Thus euer ioye is finall ende of payne

And trusteth this for conclusion  
The ende of sorowe is ioye / boyde of drede  
For holy sayntes thꝛough theyꝝ passion  
Haue heuen wonne to theyꝝ souerayne mede  
And plente gladly foloweth after nede  
And my daughter after your greuaunce  
I you behote ye shall haue full pleasaunce



For euer of loue the maner and the gyle  
Is for to hurte his seruaunt and to wounde  
And whan he hath taught them his emprise  
He can in ioye make them to habounde  
And sithe that ye haue in my lace be bounde  
Without grutchyng/ or rebellyon  
Ye must of right haue consolacion.

This is to saye/ doute it neuer a dell  
That ye shall haue full possessyon  
Of hym/ that ye nowe cherishe so well  
In honest maner/ without transgressyon  
Bycause I knowe your entencion  
Is truely sette/ in partle and in all  
To loue hym best/ and moost in speciall.

For he that ye haue chosen you to serue  
Shalbe to you suche as ye desyre  
Without chaunge/ tully tyll he sterue  
So with my bronde I haue hym sette a fyre  
And with my grace I shall hym so enspyre  
That he in hert shalbe right at your wyll  
Whether ye lyst to saue hym or to spyll.

For vnto you I shall his hert so lowe  
Without spotte of any doublenesse  
That he ne shall escape from the borde  
Thoughe that he wolde/ by vnstedfastnesse  
I meane Cupyde shall hym so distresse  
Vnto your hande/ with the arowe of golde  
That he ne shall escape thoughe he wolde.

And sithe ye lyst / of pyte and of grace  
In vertue onely his yowthe to cherishe  
I shall by aspecte of my benigne face  
Make hym to shewe euery synne and vyce  
So that he shall haue no maner spyce  
In his courage to loue thynges newe  
He shall to you so playne be founde and trewe.

The authour.

And whan this goodly lady freshe of hewe  
Humble and benigne / of trouthe croppe & rote  
Conceyued had / howe Venus gan to rewe  
On her payne playnly to do bote  
To chaunge her bytter ones in to swote  
She fell on knees of highe deuocyon  
And in this wyle began her orison.

**H**yghest of hye / quene and Emperesse  
Goddesse of loue / of good yet the best  
That throughe your beaute / without vyce  
Somtyme conquered the apple at the fest  
That Jupiter / throughe his hye request  
To all the goddes aboue celestrall  
Made in his paleys moost imperyll.

To you my lady / bpholder of my lyfe  
Wekely I thanke / so as I maye suffyse  
That ye lyst nowe with hert ententyse  
So graciously for me to deuysse  
That whyle I lyue / with humble sacrifysse  
Upon your auters / your feest yere by yere  
I shall encence caste in to the fyre.



For of your grace I am full reconcyled  
From euery trouble vnto ioye and ease  
That sorowes all be from me expyled  
Sythe ye my lady lyst to appease  
My paynes olde/ and fully my disease  
Vnto gladnesse so sodaynly to tourne.  
Hauyng no cause from hens forth to mourne.

For sythen ye so mekely lyst to daunt  
To my serupce hym/ that I loue best  
And of your bounte so graciously to graunt  
That he ne shall vary/ though hym lyst  
Wherof my hert is fully brought to rest  
For nowe and euer/ O lady myne benigne  
That hert and wpll/ I holy to you resigne.

Thankyng you with all my full hert  
That of your grace and visytacion  
So humbly lyst hym to conuert  
Fully in to my subiectiton  
Without chaung or transmutacion  
Vnto his last. Howe laude and reuerence  
Be euer to your name and excellence.

This all and some/ and chefe of my request  
And hole substaunce of all my hole entent  
You thankyng/ of your graunt and hest  
Bothe nowe and euer/ that ye me grace sent  
To conquere hym/ that neuer shall repent  
Me for to serue/ and humbly for to please  
As fynall treasure of my hertes ease.

And than anon Venus caste adowne  
In to her lappe/ braunches whyte and grene  
Of hauthorne/ that went enuyrone  
About her heed/ that ioye was to sene  
And badde her kepe them honestly and clene  
Whiche shulde nat fade/ ne neuer were olde  
If she her byddyng kepe/ as she hath tolde.

And as these bowes bothe fayre and swete  
Folowe the effect/ that they do specifye  
This to saye/ bothe in colde and hete  
Be ye of one hert/ and of one fantasye  
As are these leaues/ whiche maye nat dye  
By no duresse of stormes that ben kene  
No more in wynter/ than in somer grene.

Right so by ensample for wele or wo  
For ioye/ tourment/ or for aduersite  
Whether so fortune/ fauour or els so  
For pouerte/ richesse/ or prosperyte  
That ye your hert kepe in one degre  
To loue hym best/ for nothyng that ye fayne  
Whom I haue boide so lowe vnder your chapne

And with that worde/ the goddesse shoke her heed  
And was in peace/ and spake as than no more  
And therewith all feminyne of drede  
We thought the lady to sighe gan full soze  
And sayd agayne/ lady/ that mayest restore  
Hertes to ioye/ from their aduersyte  
To do your wpll better & better after my gre.



**C** Thus euer slepyng dremyng as I lay  
Within the temple me thought I say  
Great preece of folke with murmure wonderfull  
Who croude and shoue the temple was so full  
Eueriche full busye in his owne cause  
That I ne maye shortly in a clause  
Discryue all the rytes / and the gysle  
And eke I want connyng to deuyse  
Howe some there were / w golde / encēce / & mylke  
And some with floures swete / and softe as sylke  
And some with sparowes / and doues white  
That for to offte gan them delyte  
Unto the goddesse with sighe and prayer  
Them to release of that they most desyre  
And shortly this thyng to conclude  
So great and huge was the multytude  
That I was fayne out of the preece to go  
And as I was alone with me no mo  
Within the elters / and gan a whyle tarye  
I sawe a man / that walked all solytarye  
That as me semed for heupnesse and dole  
Hym to complayne / he walked so sole  
Without espyeng of any other wyght  
And if I shall discryue hym a right  
If that he had nat be in heupnesse  
We thought he was / to speke of semelnesse  
Of shappe / of forme / and also of stature  
The most passyng / that euer yet nature  
Made in her warkes / and lyke to be a man  
And therewithall / as I reherce can  
Of face and chere the most gracious

Tem. gla.

c

To be beloued happy and eurous  
But it semed outward by his chere  
That he complayned for lacke of his desyre  
For by hymselfe/as he walked by and drowne  
I herde hym make a lamentacion  
And sayd/Helas what thyng may this be  
Nowe am I bounde/that whilom was fre  
And went at large at myn election  
Nowe am I caught vnder subiection  
For to become a very homagere  
To the god of loue/where or I came here  
Felte in myn hert nought of loues payne  
But nowe of newe within his fyry chayne  
I am embraced so/that I may nat stryue  
To serue and loue whyle I am on lyue  
The goodly freshe/in the temple ponder  
I sawe right nowe/that I had wonder  
Howe euer god/for to reken all  
Myght make a thyng so celestiaall  
So angel lyke on erthe to appere  
For within the stremes of her even clere  
I am wounded euen to the hert  
That fro the deth I may nat astert  
And most I meruayle/that so sodaynly  
I was so yelde to be at her mercy  
Whether that she lyst me to lyue or deye  
Without more/ I must her lust obeye  
And take mekely my sodeyn auenture  
For syth my lyfe/my deth/and eke my cure  
Is in her hande/it wyll nothyng auaple  
To grutche agayne/for of this batayle



The palme is hers/and playne the victorie  
If I rebelled/honour none/ne glory  
I myght in any maner wyse archue  
Syth I am yelden/how shulde I than proue  
To renne awaye I wote it wyll nat be  
Though I be lose at large/I may nat fle  
O god of loue/howe sharpe is now thyne arrowe  
Howe mayst thou now so cruelly and so narowe  
Without cause/hurt me and wounde  
And takest no hede my sorowes to founde  
But lyke a byrde/that fleeth at her desyre  
Tyll sodaynly within the pantyre  
She is caught/though late she was at large  
A newe tempest forcasteth nowe my barge  
Nowe by nowe downe/with wynde it is so blowe  
So am I tossed/and almost ouerthrowe  
Far dzyuen in darkenesse of many sondry wawe  
Helas whan shall this tempest ouerdraue  
To clere the skyes of myn aduersite  
The lode sterre I wote I may nat se  
It is so hyd with cloudes/that ben blacke  
Helas whan wyll this tourment ouerslacke  
I can nat wpt/for who is hurt of newe  
And bledeth inwarde/till he waxe pale of hewe  
And hath his wounde inwardly freshe & grene  
And it is nat knowne vnto the harmes kene  
Of myghty Cupide/that can so hertes daunte  
That no man in his warre dare hym baunte  
To gete a pryce/but onely by mekenesse  
For there ne bayleth stryfe nor sturdynesse  
So maye I saye/that with a loke am yoldes

Tem. of gla,

c.ij.

And haue no power to stryue/though I wolde  
Thus stande I euer betwene lyfe and deth  
To loue and serue whyle that I haue bryeth  
In suche a place/where I dare nat playne  
Lyke hym/that is in tozment and in payne  
And knoweth nat to whom to discure  
For there as I haue holly set my cure  
I dare nat well for drede ne for daungere  
And for vnknownen/tell howe the fyre  
Of loues bronde/is kendled in my brest  
Thus am I murthered and slayne at the lest  
So pryncely within my thought  
O lady Venus/whom I haue sought  
So wylshe me nowe/what me is best to do  
That am distraught with my selfe lo  
That I ne wote what way to tourne  
Saue by my selfe alone for to mourne  
Hangyng in ballaunce betwene hope and drede  
Without comforte/remedye/or rede  
For Hope byddeth pursue/and assaye  
And agaynewarde drede answereth naye  
And nowe with Hope I am set a losse  
But drede and daunger/harde and nothynge softe  
Haue ouerthrowen my trust/and put a downe  
Nowe at my large/nowe fettered in pryncoun  
Nowe in tourment/nowe in souerayne glory  
Nowe in paradise/and nowe in purgatory  
As a man dyspeyred in a double werre  
Borne vp with hope/and than anon daunger  
He draweth abacke/and sayth/It shall nat be  
For where as I of myn aduersite



Am bolde somwhyle mercy to requyre  
Than cometh dispayre/and begyneth me to lere  
A newe lesson/to hope full the contrary  
They ben so dyuerse they wyll do me harm  
And thus I stande dismayd in a traunce  
For whan hope were lyke me to auaunce  
For drede I tremble/ I dare nat one worde speke  
And if it so be/that I nat out bryke  
To tell the harmes/that greuen me so sore  
But in my selfe encrease them more and more  
And to be slayne fully me delyte  
Whan of my deth she is nothyng to wyte  
For but if she the constraynt playnely knowe  
Howe shulde she euer on my peynes rue  
Thus oft tyme with hope I am moued  
To tell her all/howe I am greued  
And to be hardy/on me for to take  
To aske mercy/but drede doth me than awake  
And than wanhope answereth me agayne  
That better were/that she haue disdayne  
To dye at ones/vnknownen of any wyght  
And therewithall byddeth hope anon ryght  
Me to be bolde/and praye her of grace  
And syth all vertues be portred in her face  
It were nat syttyng/that pite were behynde  
And ryght anon within my selfe I fynde  
A newe plee/brought on me with drede  
That me so maseth/that I se no spede  
Bycause he sayd/that astonpeth all my blood  
I am so symple/and she is so good  
Thus hope and drede in me wyll nat ceace

c. lii.

To plede and stryue my harmes lo encrease  
But at hardest yet or I be deed  
Of my distresse sythe I can no reed  
But stande dome styll as any stone  
Befoze the goddesse I wpll me hast anone  
And complayne without moze sermon  
Thoughe dethe be fyne and full conclusyon  
Of my request/ yet I wpll assaye  
¶ And right anone me thought I saye  
This wofull man/ as I haue made memozie  
Full lowlye entre in to an oratozie  
And kneled adowne in full humble wyse  
Befoze the goddesse/ and gan anone deuyse  
His pyteous quarell/ with a dolefull chere  
Sayeng right thus/ as ye shall here.

¶ The complaynt of the man.

**B**edresse of sorowe/ O Citherea  
That with the streames of thy pleasāt herte  
Gladdest the mount of all Cirrea  
Where thou hast chosen thy paleys and sete  
Whose bryght beames ben wasshen and wete  
In the rpuer of Clycon the well  
Haue nowre pyte of that I shall you tell.

And nat disdayne of your benignyte  
My mortall wo/ O lady myne goddesse  
Of grace and bounte and mercyfull pyte  
Benignely helpe and to redresse  
And thoughe so be/ I can nat well expresse



The greuous harmes that I fele in my herte  
Haue neuer yet the lesse mercy of my smert.

This is to saye / O clere heuyns lpght  
That next the sonne sercled haue your spere  
Sythe ye me hurte / with your dredefull myght  
By influence of pour beames clere  
And that I by your serupce nowe so dere  
As ye me brought in to this malady  
Be ye gracious and shape a remedy.

For in you holly lyeth helpe of all this care  
And knowe best my sorowe and all my payne  
For drede of dethe / howe I alas ne dare  
Aske mercy ones / ne me complayne  
Nowe with your dart so constrayne  
Without more / or I dye at the lest  
That she maye wytte what is my request.

Howe I nothyng in all this worlde desyre  
But for to serue fully to myne ende  
That goodly freshe / so womanly of chere  
Without chaunge / while I haue lyfe and mynde  
And that ye wolde suche grace sende  
Of my serupce / that she nat disdayne  
Sithen her to serue I maye nat me restrayne.

Alas sythe that hope me hath gyuen hardynesse  
To loue her best / and neuer to repent  
Whyles that I lyue / with all my busynesse  
To drede and serue / though danger neuer assent

And here vpon ye knowe myn entent  
Howe I haue bowed fully in my mynde  
To be her man/though I no mercy fynde

For in my hert imprinted is so soze  
Her shap/her forme/and all her semelynesse  
Her port/her chere/her goodnes more and more  
Her womanheed/and eke her gentylnesse  
Her trouth/her faith/and her kyndnesse  
With all vertues eche set in her degre  
There is no lacke/saue onely of pite

Her sad demeanyng/of wyll nat variable  
Of loke benigne/and rote of all pleasaunce  
And examplayre to all that wyll be stable  
Discrete/prudent/of wysedome suffisaunce  
Myrrour of wytte/grounde of gouernaunce  
A worlde of beaute compassed in her face  
Whose persant loke doth trought my hert race

And ouer this/wonder secreete and true  
I well of fredome/and right bountious  
And euer encresyng in vertue newe and newe  
Of speche goodly and right gracious  
Deuoyde of pryde/to poore nat dispitous  
And if that I shortly shall nat fayne  
Saue vpon mercy nothyng I compayne

What wounder than/though I with dyede  
Inly supplyed for to aske grace  
Of her/that is quene of womanheed



For well I wote in so hyghe a place  
It wyll nat be/ therfore I ouerpase  
And take lowly what wo I endure  
Tyll she of pyte me take to her cure.

But one auowe playnly here I make  
That wheder so be/ she do me lyue or dey  
I wyll nat grudge/ but humbly it take  
And thanke god/ and wyllingly obey  
For by my trouthe/ my hert shall neuer reney  
For lyfe ne dethe/ mercy ne daungere  
Of wyll and thought/ to be at her desyre.

To be as trewe as euer was Anthonius  
To Cleopatre/ whyle hym lasted brythe  
Or vnto Thys be yonge Pyramus  
That was faithfull founde/ tyll the deyped dethe  
Right so shall I/ tyll Atropos me flethe  
For wele or wo/ her faythfull man be founde  
Vnto my last/ lyke as my hert is bounde.

To loue as well as dyde Achylles  
Vnto his last/ the fayre Polixene  
Or as the great famous Hercules  
For Deianyre/ that felte the shote kene  
Right so shall I saye cunyn as I mene  
Whyle that I lyue/ her bothe drede and serue  
For lacke of mercy/ thoughe she do me sterue.

Flowe lady Venus/ to whom nothyng vnknowe  
Is in the worlde/ ne nought maye be  
Tem. gla.

D

For there nys thynge neyther hye ne lowe  
May be concealed from your pryuate  
From whom my meanynge is nat nowe secre  
But wytte fully / that myn entent is true  
And lyke my trowth nowe on my payne rue

For more of grace than of presumption  
I aske mercy / and nothynge of dute  
Of lowly humblenelle without transgression  
That ye enclyne of your benygnte  
Your audience vnto my humilite  
To graunt me it / for whiche I cleape and call  
Some day releace of my paynes all

And syth ye haue the guerdon and the mede  
Of all louers playnly in your hande  
Nowe of grace and pite take ye hede  
Of my distresse / that am vnder your bande  
So lowly bounde / as ye well vnderstande  
In that place / where I toke fyrst my wounde  
Of pite suffre ye my helthe may be founde

That lyke as she hurt me with a syght  
Byght so with helth lette me her sustene  
And as the stremes of her eyen byght  
Somtyme my hert / with woundes sharpe & kene  
Troughes perced haue / and yet be freshe & grene  
So as she me hurte / let her me succour  
Or els certayne I may nat longe endure

For lacke of speche I can say you no more



I haue no mater/ but I can nat complayne  
My wytte is dull to tell all my soze  
A mouthe I haue/ and yet for all my payne  
For want of wordes/ I maye nat nowe attayne  
To tell halfe that dothe my hert greue  
Mercy abyding/ tyll she me lyst releue.

But this tefecte of my mater fynall  
With deth or mercy releace for to fynde  
For hert/body/though/lyfe/lust/and all  
With all my reason/and all my full mynde  
And fyue wyttes/ of one assent I bynde  
To her seruyce/without any stryfe  
And make her pryncesse of my deth or lyfe.

And nowe I praye of reuth and eke pite  
O goodly planet/ O lady Venus bryght  
That ye your sonne/ of his deite  
Cupide I meane/ that with his dredefull myght  
And with his bynde/ that is so clere of lyght  
Myn hert lyst so to fyre and to marke  
As ye me somtyme bzent with a sparke

That lyke wyse/and with the same fyre  
She maye by it/ as I nowe bzenne and melte  
So that her hert be flammed with desyre  
That she may knowe by seruence/ howe I swelte  
She wolde me pitie playnly/ if she felte  
The selfe heate/ that doth myn hert embrace  
I hope of reuth/ she wyll do me grace

The authoꝝ.

And therewithall Venus/ as me thought  
Tem. of gla.

D.ii.

Towarde this man full benygne  
Can cast her eye/lyke as though she rought  
Of his disease/and sayd full goodly  
Syth it is so/that you so humbly  
Without grutchyng/our bestes lyst obey  
Towarde your helpe I wyll anon puruey

And also my sonne Cupide/that is so blynde  
Shalbe helpynge fully to perfourme  
Your holle desyre/that nothyng behynde  
He shalbe leste/so we shall resourme  
This pitious cōplaynt/þ maketh you to mourne  
And she/for whom ye sorowe most in herte  
Shall through her mercy releace all your smerte

Whan she seeth tyme/through her purueyaunce  
Be nat to hasty/but suffre all thyng wele  
For in abydyng/through lowly obeyssaunce  
Lyeth full redresse of all that ye now fele  
And she shalbe as true as any stele  
To you alone/by our myght and grace  
If ye lyst mekely abyde a lytell space

But vnderstande ye/that all her cherisshyng  
Shalbe grounded vpon honeste  
That no wyght shall/by any rehersyng  
Dente anys of her in no degre  
For neyther mercy/reuth/noz pite  
She shall nat haue/ne take of you none hede  
Farther than longeth vnto her womanheed



Be nat astonyed of no wylfulnesse  
Nor dispeyred of this dissolucion  
Let reason bridell lust by buclumnesse  
Without grutchyng or rebellyon  
For ioye shall folowe all this passyon  
For who can suffre tourment and endure  
May nat fayle at length to optayne pleasure.

For before all she shall the loue best  
So shall I her without offencion  
By influence enspyre in her brest  
In honest wyle/ and full entencion  
For to enclyne by clene affection  
Her hert holly on the to haue reuthe  
Bycause I knowe/ that thou meanest treuthe.

Go nowe to her/ where she standeth a syde  
With humble chere/ and put the in her grace  
And all before/ let hope be thy gyde  
And though that drede wolde with the face  
It sytteth well/ but loke that thou arace  
Out of thyne hert/ wanhope and dispeyre  
To her ptesence or thou haue repeyre.

And mercy first shall thy waye make  
And honest meane afoze do thy message  
To make pyte in her hert awake  
And secretnesse to forther thy byage  
With humble porte/ to her that is so sage  
Shall meanes be/ and I my selfe also  
Shall the forther/ or thy tale be do.

Tem. of gla.

D. iij.

Go forth anone/and be of right good chere  
For spechelesse nothyng may ye spede  
Be good of trust/and be nothyng in were  
Syth I my selfe shall helpe in this nede  
For at the leest of her goodly heed  
She shall to the her audience inclyne  
And lowly to her tell thou thy tale fyne

For well thou wottest/if I shall nat fayne  
Without speche thou mayst no mercy haue  
For who that wyll of his pryue payne  
Fully be cured/his lyfe to helpe and saue  
Must mekely out of his herte graue  
Discouer his wounde/and shewe it to his leche  
Or elles dye for defaute of speche

For he that is in myschefe/and is rekeles  
To seche helpe/ I holde hym a wretche  
And she ne may thyn hert bynge in peas  
But if thy complaynt to her herte stretch  
Woldest thou be cured/and wylte no salue fetch  
It wyll nat be: for no wyght may attayne  
To come to blyss/ if he lyst lyue in payne

Therefore at ones go forth in humble wyse  
Before thy lady/and lowly knele adowne  
And in all trouth thy wordes so deuyse  
That she on the haue compassyon  
For she that is of so high renoun  
In all vertues/as quene and souerayne  
Of womanheed shall rue vpon thy payne



The author.

¶ And whan the goddesse this lesson had tolde  
About me as I gan beholde  
Right sore astonied I stode in a traunce  
To set the maner and the countenaunce  
And all the chere of this wofull man  
That was of hewe deedly pale and wan  
With drede surprised in his owne thought  
Makynge chere/as though he cared nought  
Of lyfe ne deth/ne what so hym betyde  
So moche feare he had on euery syde  
To put hym forth/for to tell his payne  
Unto his lady/or els to complayne  
What wo he ledde/tourment/and disease  
What deedly sorowe his herte dyd sease  
For reuth of whiche his woes/I endyte  
My penne I fele quake as I wypte  
Of hym I had so great compassion  
For to reherce his lamentacion  
Ye/though I with my selfe stryue  
Unneth my connyng may his paynes discryue  
Alas to whom shall I for helpe call  
Nat to the muses/bycause they ben nere all  
Helpe of right in ioye/and nat in wo  
And in matters that they delyte also  
Wherfore they nyll/as nowe dyrecte my style  
Nor me enspyre/alas the harde whyle  
I can no further/but to Thesiphon  
And to her susters to call helpe vpon  
That be goddesses of tourment and of payne  
Nowe let your teares in to myne ynke rayne

With wofull wordes my paper for to blotte  
This wofull mater nat to paynt but spotte  
To tell the maner of this dredefull man  
Upon his complaynt whan he first began  
To tell his lady/ and howe he gan declare  
His hydde sorowes and his yuell fare  
That his hert constrayned so sore  
The effect of whiche was this without more.

Princesse of youth/ and floure of gentylnesse  
Ensample of vertue/ grounde of courtesye  
Of beaute rote/ quene and eke maistresse  
To all women/ howe they shall them gye  
And sothfast myrrour to exemplifye  
The right way of porte and of womanhede  
What I shall saye of mercy take ye hede.

Besechynge vnto your hygh noblesse  
With quakyng hert of my inwarde drede  
Of grace and pite/ and of ryghtousnesse  
Of very reuth to helpen this nede  
This is to say/ O well of goodly hede  
That I ne recke though ye do me deye  
So yelyst fyrst to here what I sepe.

The dredefull stroke/ the great force and myght  
Of Cupide/ ayenst whom none may rebell  
So inwardly throug out my herte right  
I perced hath/ that I ne may counsell  
My n hyd womde/ ne I ne may appelle  
Vn to no greatter/ this myghty god so faste  
You to serue hath me bounde vnto my laste



My hert and all without stryfe are yolde  
For lyfe or deth to your seruice alone  
Ryght as the goddesse myghty Venus wolde  
Before her mekely whan I made my mone  
She me constrayned/without chaunge anone  
To your seruice/and neuer for to fayne  
Whether so euer ye lyst to do me ease or payne

So that I can nothyng but mercy crye  
Of you my lady/and chaunge for no newe  
That ye lyst goodly/before or that I dye  
Of very reuth vpon my paynes rewe  
For by my trouth/if ye my paynes knewe  
And what the cause is of myn aduersite  
On my diseale ye wolde haue pite

For vnto you true and eke secre  
I wyll be founde/to serue as I best can  
And therewithall as lowly in eche degre  
To you be alone/as euer yet was man  
Vnto his lady/from the tyme I began  
And shall so forth/withouten any slouth  
Whyle that I lyue/by god and by my trouth

For I had leuer dye todaynly  
Than you offende in any maner wyse  
And suffre paynes inwarde pryncely  
Than my seruice as now ye shulde despise  
For I right naught wyll aske in no wyse  
But for your seruant ye wolde me accepte  
And whan I trespace goodly me correcte

And for to graunt of mercy the prayere  
Onely of grace and womanly pite  
From day to day that I myght lere  
You for to please/and therewithall that ye  
Whan I do mys/lyst for to teche me  
In your seruice/howe that I may amende  
From henceforth/and neuer you offende

For vnto me it doth inough suffice  
That for your man ye wolde me receyue  
Fully to be as yelyste deuyle  
And as far forth as my wyttes can conceyue  
And therewithall/lyke as ye me proue  
To be true/to guerdone me of grace  
Or els to punyssh after my trespase

And if so be/that I may nat attayne  
Vnto your mercy/yet graunt at the leste  
In your seruice/for all my wo and payne  
That I may dye after my behest  
This is all and some the fyn of my request  
Cyther with mercy your seruant to saue  
Or mercyles that I may be begraue

¶ And whan this benigne/of her entent true  
Conceyued hath the complaynt of this man  
Right as the freshe ruddy rose newe  
Of her colour to waxen she began  
Her blood astonyed so from her hert it ran  
In to her face/of very femynyte  
Throught honest drede abasshed was she



And humbly she began her eye caste  
Toward hym of her benygnte  
So that no worde by her lyppeg paste  
For haste/nor drede/mercy/ne pite  
For so demeaned she was in honeste  
That vnaduyfed nothyng fro her sterte  
So moche of reason was composed in her herte

Tyll at the last so moche she dyd abrajd  
Whan she his trowth and meanyng well dyd fele  
That vnto hym full goodly thus she sayd  
Of your behest/and your meanyng wele  
And your seruyce so faithfull euery dele  
Whiche vnto me so lowly nowe ye offre  
With all my hert I thanke you for your profre

And for as moche as your entent is set  
Onely on vertue/ibrydled vnder drede  
Ye must of right nedes fare the bet  
Of your request/and the better spede  
But as for me/I may of womanheed  
No farther graunt to you/in myn entent  
Than as my lady Venus wyll assent

For she well knoweth/I am nat at my large  
To do right naught/but by her ordynaunce  
So am I drowned vnder her drededefull charge  
Her lust to obeye/without variaunce  
But for my parte/so it be pleasaunce  
Vnto the goddesse/for trowth in your empyse  
I you accepte fully to my seruyce.

For she my hert hath in subiection  
Whiche holly is yours / and neuer shall repent  
In thought nor dede / in myn election  
Wytnesse on Venus / that knoweth myn entent  
Fully to bepe her dome and iugement  
So as het lyst dispole and ordayne  
Byght as she knoweth the trouth of vs twayne

For vnto the tyme that Venus lyst prouyde  
To shap a waye for our hertes ease  
Both ye and I mekely must abyde  
To take at gre / and nat for our diseafe  
To grutche agrayne / tyll that she lyst appeace  
Our hyd wo / so inly that constrayneth  
From day to day / and our hertes payneth

For in abydyng of wo / and all affraye  
Who that can suffre fyndeth remedy  
And for the best full oft is made delaye  
O men be healed of theyr malady  
Wherfore as Venus lyst the mater gye  
Let vs agree / and take all for the best  
Tyll her lyst set both our hertes in rest

For she that byndeth / and can constrayne  
Hertes in one / this fortunate planete  
And can releace louers of theyr payne  
To tourne fully theyr bytter vnto swete  
Nowe blyssfull goddesse / downe fro thy sterry sete  
Us to fortune / cast your strenges shene  
As ye knowe / that we trouth mene



**A**nd therewithall/as I myn eyen caste  
For to perceyue the maner of these twayne  
Befoze the goddesse mekely as they paffe  
We thought I sawe with a golden chayne  
Venus anone embrace and constrayne  
They both hertes in one for to perseuere  
Whyle that they lyue/and neuer to disseuere

Sayeng ryght thus/with a benigne chere  
**S**yth it is so/ye be vnder my myght  
My wyll is thus/that ye my daughter dere  
Fully accepte this man/as it is ryght  
Unto your grace/anone here in my lyght  
That euer hath ben so lowly you to serue  
It is good skyle your thanke that he deserue

Your honour saufe/and also your womanheed  
Hym to cherishe it sytteth you ryght wel  
Sith he is bounde vnder hope and drede  
Amyd my chayne/that forged is of stele  
Ye must of mercy shape that ye fele  
In you some grace of his long seruyce  
And that in haste/lyke as I shall deuyse

This is to say/that ye take hede  
Howe he to you most faithfull hath ben and true  
Of all your seruantes/and nothynge for his mede  
Of you he asketh/but ye on hym to rue  
For he bowed hath to chaunge for no netwe  
For lyfe/ne deth/for ioye/ne for payne  
As to be yours/so as ye lyst ordayne

**Tem. gla.**

**e**

Wherfore ye must or els it were wronge  
Unto your grace fully hym receyue  
In my presence bycause he hath so longe  
Holly ben yours as ye may conceyue  
That from mercy if ye hym weyue  
I wyl my selfe recorde cruelte  
In your persone and great lacke of pite

Let hym for his trouth fynde trouth agayne  
For longe seruyce guerdone hym with grace  
And let your pite wepe downe his payne  
For tyme is now daunger to arace  
Out of your herte and mercy into space  
And loue for loue wolde well beleme  
To geue agayne and this I playnly deme

And as for hym I wyl be his borowe  
Of lowlyhed and busy attendaunce  
Howe he shal be both eue and morowe  
I ull diligent to do his obleruaunce  
And euer awaytunge you to do pleasaunce  
Wherfore my some wylsen and take hede  
Fully to obeye as I shall the rde

And fyrst of all my wyl is that thou be  
Faithfull in hert and constant as a wall  
True humble meke and therewithall secre  
Withouth chaunge in partie and in all  
And for no tourment that the may befall  
Tempest the nat but euer in stedfastnesse  
Kote thyn hert and boyde doublenesse



And farthermore haue in reuerence  
These women all / for thy lady sake  
And suffre neuer that men do them offence  
For loue of one / but euer undertake  
Them to defende / whether they slepe or wake  
And ay be redy to holde them partye  
Agaynst all those / that to them haue enuye

Be curteysle ay / and lowly of thy speche  
To riche and pooer: Be freishe and well beseyne  
And euer busy / wayes for to seche  
All true louers to releace of theyr payne  
Sith y art one. And of no might haue disdayne  
For loue hath power hertes for to daint  
And neuer for cherisshyng the to moche auaint

Be lusty eke / boyde of all tristesse  
And take no thought / but euer be iocunde  
And nat to pensyfe for none heuynesse  
And with thy gladnesse let sadnesse ay be founde  
Whan wo aproueth let myrth most habunde  
As māhode al keth: And though thou fele smerte  
Let nat to many knowe of thyn hert

And all vertues busely ensue  
Vices eschewe for the loue of one  
And for no tales thyn hert nat reue  
Woode is but wynde / that shall soone begone  
What euer thou here / be donibe as any itone  
And to answer to soone / do nat the delyte  
For here she staderth / that all this shall the quyte.

Tem. of gla.

4.11

And whether thou be absent or in presence  
None other beaute let in thyn hert myne  
Syth I haue yeeue her of beaute excellence  
Aboue all other/ euer to be thynne  
And thynke howe in fyre men are wonte to fyne  
This pured golde/ to put it in assay  
So to the proue thou arte put in delaye

But tyme shall come thou shalt for thy suffrūce  
Be well apayd/ and take for thy mede  
Thy lyues ioye/ and all thy suffysaunce  
So that good hope alwaye thy bridell lede  
Let no dilpayre hyndre the with drede  
But ap thy trust on her mercy grounde  
Syth none but she may thy sorowe sounde

Eche houre/ tyme/ weke/ day/ and yere  
Be lyke faithfull/ and vary nat for lyte  
Abyde a whyle/ and than of thy desyre  
The tyme nygheth/ that shall the most delyte  
And let no sorowe in thy hert byte  
For no deferryng/ syth thou for thy mede  
Shalt reioyce in peace the flour of womanhede.

Thynke/ howe she is this worldes sonne & lyght  
The sterre of beaute/ the flour eke of faynnesse  
Bothe croppe and rote/ and eke the rubye bright  
Hertes to glade/ itroubled with derkenesse  
And howe I haue made her thynne hertes epresse  
Be gladde therfore to be vnder her bonde  
Nowe come nere doughter & take hy by þ honde.



Unto this syn/ that after all these shours  
Of his tourment/ he may be glad and lyght  
Whan by your grace ye take hym to be yours  
For euermore anone here in my syght  
And eke I wyll also/ as it is right  
Without more his langour for to lyffe  
In my p[re]sence anone that ye hym kysse

That there may be of all your olde smertes  
A full releace vnder ioye assured  
And that one locke be of your bothe hertes  
Shyt with my keye of golde/ so well pured  
Onely in signe/ that ye haue recured  
Your holle desyre/ here in this holly place  
Withun my temple/ nowe in the yere of grace

Ye be eternally bounde of assuraunce  
The knot is knyt/ that may nat be vnbounde  
That all the goddes/ of this alyaunce  
Saturne/ Ioue/ and Mars/ as it is founde  
And eke Cupide/ that fyrst dyd you wounde  
Shall beare recorde/ and euermore bewreke  
On whiche of you his trowth fyrst breke

So that by aspectes of theyr fyry lokes  
Without mercy shall fall the vengeaunce  
For to be rased clene out of my bokes  
On whiche of you be founde of variaunce  
Therfore at ones let your pleasaunce  
Fully to be/ whyle ye haue lyfe and mynde  
Of one accorde/ vnto your lyues ende

Tem. of gla.

e. iij.

That if the spirite of newe fanglenesse  
In any wyse your hertes wolde assaile  
To moue or stere to byng in doublenesse  
Upon your trouthe to gyue a batayle  
Let nat your courage/ne your force fayle  
For none assaultes you flytten or remeue  
For vnassayed no man may trouth proue

For whyte is whyter/if it be set by blacke  
And swete is sweter after bytternesse  
And falsshed euer is dyspuen and put abacke  
Where trouth is roted without falsenesse  
Without proue/there may be no sekernesse  
Of loue or hate/and therfore of you two  
Shall loue be more/for it was bought with wo

And euery thyng is had more in dente  
And more of pryce/whan it is dere bought  
And eke loue standeth more in surete  
Whan it is before with payne/wo/and thought  
Conquered/than fyrst whan it was fought  
And euery conquest hath his excellence  
In his pursute/as it fyndeth resistance

And so to you more swete and agreable  
Loue shalbe founde/ If you playnly assure  
Without grutchyng if ye be sufferable  
Both lowe and meke/paciently to endure  
Than all at ones I shall do nowe my cure  
For nowe and euer your hertes so to bynde  
That nought but deth shall the knot vnbynde



Nowe in this mater what shulde I longer dwell  
Come ye attones/and do as I haue sayd  
And fyrst my doughter/that are of boutrie well  
In hert and thought be glad and well apayd  
To do hym grace/that shall/and hath obeyd  
Your lustes euer/and I wyll for his sake  
Of trouthe to you be bounde and vndertake

¶ And so forth in p[re]sence as they dyd stande  
Besore the goddesse/this lady fayre and wele  
Her humble seruaunt toke goodly by the hande  
As he besore her mekely dyd knele  
And kyssed hym/after fulfylling euery dele  
From poynt to poynt/in full chryfty wyse  
As ye besore haue Venus herde deupse

Thus is this man to ioye and all pleasaunce  
From heuynesse/and from his paynes olde  
Full reconciled/and hath ful suffisaunce  
Of her/that euer ment well and wolde  
That in good faith if I tell sholde  
The inwarde myrtes that dyd they? hertes brace  
For all my lyfe it were to lytell space

For he hath wonne her/that he loueth best  
And she to grace hath take hym of pite  
And thus they? hertes ben both set in rest  
Without chaunge or mutabilite  
And Venus hath of her benignite  
Confyrmed all/what shall I longer tary  
These twayne in one and neuer to bary

That for ioye in the temple about  
Of this accorde/by great solempnite  
Was laude and honour within and without  
Gruen to Venus/and to the deite  
Of god Cupide:so that Calliope  
And all her systerne/in theyr armonye  
With theyr swete songes the gooddesse magnifye

And all at ones/with notes loude and sharpe  
They dyd her honour and reuerence  
And Orpheus among them with his harpe  
Can strynges touche with his diligence  
And Amphion/that hath suche excellence  
Of musike/ay dyd his busynesse  
To please the quene Venus and goddesse

Onely bycause of the affinite  
Betwene these two/nat lykely to disseuer  
And every louer of hye and lowe degre  
Can Venus praye/for thens forth and euer  
That holle of them the loue may perseuer  
Withouten ende/in suche wyse as they gonne  
And moze encrease/that it of harde was wonne

And the goddes her yng this request  
As she that knewe the clene intention  
Of both them twayne/made a behest  
Perpetually/by confyrmacion  
Whyle they lyue of one affection  
They shall endure/there is no moze to sayne  
That neyther shall haue mater to complayne



So ferforth euermore in our eternall se  
The goddes haue in our presence  
Fully deuysed / throughe their deite  
And holly conclude by theyr influence  
That by theyr myght and iuste prudence  
The loue of them by grace and eke fortune  
Whithout chaunge shall euermore contune

Of whiche graunt the temple enuyron  
Throughe hys comfort of them that were present  
Anon was begon / with a melodious sowne  
In name of those / that trouth in loue ment  
A balade newe in full good entente  
Before the goddesse / with notes loude and clere  
Spungyng right thus / anon as ye shall here

Charyest of sterres / that with your persāt lyght  
And with the cherisshyng of your beames clere  
Cause in loue hertes to be lyght  
Onely by shynyng of your glad spere  
Nowe laude and praysse / O lady Venus dere  
Be to your name / that haue without synne  
This man fortunēd his lady for to wyne

Worthy planete O Esperus so bryght  
That wofull hertes canst appease and steepe  
And euer are redy by your grace and myght  
To helpe all those / that bye loue so dere  
And haue power hertes to set on fyre  
Honour to you of all that be here inne  
That haue this man his lady made to wyne

O mighty goddes/ day sterre after night  
Gladyng the morowe/ whan ye do appere  
To voyde derkenesse by fresshynesse of your lyght  
Onely with twynning of your pleasaunt chere  
To you we thanke louers that ben here  
That ye this man and neuer for to twynne  
Fortuned haue/ his lady for to wyne.

The authoꝝ.

¶ And with the noyse/ and heuently melody  
That they made in their armony  
Throughe out the temple/ for this mannes sake  
Forthe of my slepe anone I dyde awake  
And soꝛe astonyed/ knewe as than no rede  
For sodayne chaunge oppressed with drede  
We thought I was cast in a traunce  
So cleue awaye was than my remembraunce  
Of all my dreame/ wherof frette thought and wo  
I had in hert/ and nyst what was to do  
For heuynesse that I had lost the syght  
Of her/ that I all the long nyght  
Had dreamed of/ in my aduision  
Wherof I made great lamentacion  
Bycause I had neuer in my lyfe before  
Sawe none so fayre/ lithe that I was boꝛne  
For loue of whom/ so as I can endyte  
I purpose here to make and wryte  
A lytell treatyse/ and processe make  
In praise of women onely for her sake  
Them to commende/ as it is skyll and right  
For her goodnesse with all my might  
Prayeng to her/ that is so bountuous



So full of vertue/ and so gracious  
 Of womanheed and mercyfull pyte  
 This symple treatise for to take in gre  
 Tyll I haue leper/ vnto her hye renowne  
 For to expowne my forsaide wysowne  
 And tell in playne the signifiante  
 As it cometh to my remembraunce  
 So that here after my lady maye it loke  
 Nowe go thy waye thou lytell rude boke  
 To her presence/ as I the commaunde  
 And first of all thou me recommaunde  
 Vnto her/ and to her excellence  
 And pray to her/ it be none offence  
 If any worde in the be myssaide  
 Beseechyng her/ she be nat yuell payd  
 For as yett I wyll the este correcte  
 Whan that her lyketh agaynwaide the dyrecte  
 I meane that benigne/ and goodly of face  
 Nowe go thy waye/ and put the in her grace.

### ¶ Duodecim abusiones.

¶ Rex sine sapientia.	¶ Episcopus sine doctrina.
¶ Dominus sine consilio.	¶ Mulier sine castitate
¶ Miles sine probitate.	¶ Iudex sine iustitia.
¶ Diues sine elemosina.	¶ Populus sine lege.
¶ Senex sine religione.	¶ Seruus sine timore.
¶ Pauper superbus.	¶ Adolescens sine obediētia.

¶ Go forthe kyng/ rule the by sapyence  
 Byshoppe be able to mynistrer doctryne

Lozde to true counsaile gyue audience  
Womanheed to chaste euer enclyne  
Knyght let thy dedes worshyp determyne  
Be righteous Juge in sayng thy name  
Byche do almes / lest thou lose blysse with shame.

People obeye your kyng and the lawe  
Age be thou ruled by good religion  
True seruant be dredefull / & kepe the vnder awe  
And thou pooze desye presumption  
Inobedience to youth is vtter destruction  
Remembze howe god hath set you so  
Than do your part as ye are ordeyned to.

Thus endeth the temple of Glasse. Emprynted  
at Lōdō in Fleetestrete / in the house of Tho:  
mas Berthelet / nere to the Cundite /  
at the sygne of Lucrece.  
Cum priuilegio.



